THE ADIRONDACKS.

TRANSFORMATION OF THE WILDERNESS. [FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
OSCOOD POND. August 3.
Visitors in the Adirondacks this season are in

time to witness one of the last and most curious stages in the transformation of the willerness. Forests will stand for many years yet, the streams will not run dry, trout still leap in the brooks and follow the trolling line in the lakes; but a few summers more will see the final disappearance of the old characteristic charm which has endeared this region to so many sportsmen and lovers of nature. When I came here four years ago the change was already pretty far advanced, yet within a mile or two of the large hotels one found even then the wilderness of the silent woods, the peace and freedom of solitude, shady water-sides for tent and cabin with pools near by where the early rising angler could be sure of eatching his breakfast, and favorite feeding grounds of the deer. The wilderness lay open to you as though you were its first discoverer. You might build your camp where you pleased without asking whether the forest had an owner; none would molest you, and occupation was even supposed to give a shadowy right, unreal to be sure, but nevertheless respected. Released from boundaries and restrictions, everything seemed to be yours. The sense of independence, expansion, adventure, gave a zest to this open-air life which nothing can ever replace. There was a plenty of such freedom only four years ago, although near the hotels a very different state if things had come about. On the lakes dominated by these establishments the rule of existence was an expensive artificial simplicity. Cabins had grown into cottages with rustic verandas, belvederes, fanciful boat houses, bark and polarchitecture, terraces and flights of steps. The customs of camp society were rapidly adjusting themselves to these material conditions, and becoming hardly less conventional than the fashions of the town. The tendencies which were then well marked on the St. Regis Lakes, to which my description especially applies, although it will fit many other parts of the Adirondacks, have since been greatly strengthened; and they now seem to have fixed the character of an extensive region. A decisive influence in the establishment of

this type of camping is the sudden disappearance of the old privilege of "squatting." Last summer the buying and selling of land began, and immediately the entire available water front of the St. Regis chain of lakes was disposed of, mostly to the campers who already occupied it, The price at first was one hundred dollars an acre; afterward it was fixed at a sum per front foot under conditions which made the rate about the same. The rapidity of these transactions was almost bewildering. In a single night the old order of things passed away. The free adventurer became a landed proprietor, with a deed in one pocket and a tax bill in another. With his two or three hundred feet of water front, neighbors crowded him on both sides and enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with his domestic arrangements. The wildness of the forest vanished when the forest had to be bought in small parcels at a hundred dollars an acre.

It is true that elsewhere than on the St. Regis chain, yet near enough to Paul Smith's hotel for practical convenience, there are good camping sites where the land is still free to the first comer; but people now hesitate to build a camp without securing the ground, not knowing how soon the owners may see fit to sell, nor what terms they may be able to exact. Thus the St. Regis type of camp becomes more and more characteristic of the region. All roughness has been taken from it. Luxuries of every kind are found in it, from a telephone to a French cook. With its prettiness and its bric-a-brae it is essentially a lady's camp. Feminine taste determines its decoration and prescribes the daily routine, the late breakfast, the afternoon tea, the round of visits, the boat parade which answers to the drive in the park, the camp flag which serves for livery, the rendezvous at the hotel, the mild rivalries in furniture and costume, There is no temptation to wander among mos-pointing out a military man in preference to any quitoes in the tangled woods; the canoe is the vehicle of exercise, and the guide puts away his rod and rifle to become little more than a boatman and family factotum. A parallel development of fashion goes on at the hotel, between which and the dependent camps there is a close relationship. The huge new wing which has altered the whole aspect of Faul Smith's is admired for its capacious ball-room and its vast stretches of broad piazza, and having attained these essentials of a gay watering-place the house is earnestly following out its destny. The crowd seems to me not only bigger than in other years, but more smartly dressed, more content with the regulation vacancy of summer hotel life, and less inclined to go a-fishing. But of course if Paul Smith's means to live up to its piazzas, it will have no time for much else.

All through the Adirondacks one hears of similar changes. New hotels are opening; eli ones are offering more generous accommodation; swarms of tourists are invading the haunts of the sportsman; Chicago dressed beef is supplanting venison; and fish for the table is sent from New-York. The efforts of the New-York Central and Delaware and Hadson railroads to turn vacation travel in this direction have been facilitated by important extensions of the local roads, the Northerns Adirondack from Moira on the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad, and the Chateaugay, from Plattsburg to Loon Lake, by either of which a passenger leaving New-York at night can reach St. Regis Lakes the next morning. The old route from Ausable Forks, with its forty miles of staging, has been totally abandoned, and the coaches have been taken off. Nothing will abolish a wilderness so quickly as a railroad, and the recent extension into this region are operating in that way with especial effectiveness. The Northern Adirondack is a lumber read, the main purpose of which is to get at a fine section of pine forest west of Paul Smith's. A chief use of the Chateaugay extension is for the charcoal burners who supply the Dannemora iron district. Thus the trains rush into the lately silent woods, shricking a double message of doom in the names of the woodcutter and the excursion tourist. Just now the wilderness reminds me of the transition period at Martha's Vineyard, or Mount Desert, an era of bewitching affectations and inconsistencies, when young people hesitated between starch and flanand played at living out of doors. Starch always prevails in such contests, and I have no doubt that the near future of the Adirondack resorts will be like that of Bar Harbor and City. For the present it is amusing to finery and tatters in the same boat Rosalind, with embroidered skirt and a modish red hat, sits face to face with a browned Orlando, who has forsworn neckties and shoe blacking, and punched a dozen holes through his shapeless felt knock-about, as the emblems of arduous expeditions which he has never made. Sometimes the stage deposits at the hotel door a party of unsophisticated seekers after nature, who wish to go into camp before dinner, and are very much surprised at the obstacles to such a proceeding have little or no equipment except a rod, s gun, and a small tent after much disappointing search in some inconvenient spot, and after failing to capture a supper in a place where there are no trout and feathered game but woodpeckers, they stay their hunger with berries and creep into their shelter. The first rain washes them out, they take rooms at the hotels-if they can Even Osgood Pond, which is separate get them. Even Osgood Point, the St. Regis water-by a rather long carry from the St. Regis waterways, is losing its quiet. A miscreant whom I have never seen rows his boat at dusk to a

the cornet. A man who can play the cornet is bad enough; a man who can't and tries to is

not fit to live.

Yet, as I intimated in the beginning of this letter, the wilderness life has not entirely lost its freshness and freedom for those of us who camp a little aside from the fashionable quarter. We can still dress as we please, rise at dawn, go to bed at dark, swing in our hammock-chairs without being overlooked, and keep as far from gossip as if we were on a remote island of ocean. The transformation elsewhere affects us principally by establishing higher standards of com fort, to which we are not sorry to conform, and of expense which unfortunately is beyond our control. "A few years ago," says Jim, "hunting parties used to go out with half a sack of flour and a chunk of pork. Now they want canned peaches." Well, we are not very extravagant after all, and we get something better than canned peaches. We learn secrets of the brook and the woods which others hardly suspect. We discover the best trout holes, the haunts of the black duck and partridge, the favorite mud banks of the fat frog. I have had better trout fishing this summer than for several previous years. The deer have not been perceptibly diminished by the approach of the railroads; on the contrary I suspect that the locomotive has driven them in this way. The hunting season does not open until September, but I never go a-fishing without seeing fresh deer tracks; some-times I surprise the animals in the river, and often this summer they have come into Osgood Pond. There is a handsome buck who appears every day or so on the shore opposite my camp and feeds there before sunrise.

I have heard stories of bears from time to time, but they have generally been defective at some important point. One day, riding with old Bayberry, I asked him if any bears had been seen near here lately. When he began to answer I think that he meant to tell the truth and say no, but gradually it dawned upon him that here was an opportunity not to be neglected, and as his copious speech unrolled itself bears took shape in his fancy. He opened slowly, talked faster and faster as he rose to the occasion whipping his horse as the lie developed, and bring ing down the final thumper at racing speed. "Well, now, bears-not just here exactly-you mean now, bears-not just bears-not so very lately, as I know-well, yes, pretty lately too (faster) not so long ago eitherget up, will you! over the other side of them hills (faster, crack!)-yes, come to think of it, this summer—just right exactly here—(faster and very loud)—I seen two last Tuesday week. Go 'long, you lazy beast!" and with a flourish of the lash old Bayberry rattled us down a stony

hill before his conscience could call whoa.

As for myself I have not seen a whole bear but one day when we were hunting last autumn near the camp, my guide found a broken spring trap with two or three toes in it. Bruin had torn it from its fastenings and dragged it about with him until the toes gave way. We have been looking for the rest of our bear ever since.

BOULANGER'S TEMPTATION.

A DICTATORSHIP DECLINED WITHOUT THANKS.

PROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE "General Boulanger" is still the excuse for a close Cabinet alliance with the Royalists. Not that he has done anything which betrags a plan to make himself either a Dictator or a National Savior. I am sorry to say that his Radical friends have as good, or as bad, as deserted him in the Chamber of Deputies. They don't suspect his intentions. Oh, no! But as he is a knightly kind of soldier in whom fine feeling runs tast into action and who is only wordy to express what he strongly teels, the mere polemists of the Radical party are not in avenuathy with him. They are within a narrow scope backboneless, and are moved o strike the General because they think he's down. M. Henri Maret, one of the most able polemists of the class devoid of heat and driving force, but bright, hard and sharp as icicles, was among those who gave the ass's kick to the ex-War Minister when his name came up in a debate. You remember in La Fontaine's fable how the ass lashed out at the sick MM. Pelletan. Tony Revillon and Ciemenceau were, I know, convinced of the General's honor, honesty and rectitude in all points in which teeling came into play. But they aimed too much at catching the ear of a Chamber which is not in touch with Democracy, and which came into the Palais Bourbon by dint or false promises. I dare say M.Z. Clemenceau and Pelletan snought France wrong in Clemenceau told me when General Boulanger was Minister of War that be himself would be dead against such a thing because of the national temperment, which makes for direct and quick methods of overnment. In saying this he did not question the loyalty of the General to the Republic, and he re-mained his triend and behind his back his apologist when General Boulanger was attacked in his pres

M. Clemenceau paid too much attention to the opinions of the Loudon press, which are too often the merest eant, and certainly were conventional in treating Boulanger question. He wanted to be correct in form no wall as in reality. General Boulanger never ' from the ranks as a soldier. As seer ac had a right to take a political line and he took it with decision and in a single mind. He was so a a contrast to the halting-between-both ways positions and he proved himself so reliable that Paris and then France got enthresiastic about him. It was no fault of his it he was put on a pedes all by the increase. the incessant and outrageously spite ul attacks of Opportunists and Monarchists. When he crased to be Minister of War he went to Fontainebleau and then to Dinard to be out of the sight of Paris, If he was not out of the mind of the Parisians it was not for thing no did to keep himself in it. He dined with M. Rochefort during the last Governmental crais simply because M. Rochefort is as good a host as M. bouchere and as great inn when he deals in table man, halt Bonestian, wholly aristocrat, and artist to his fingers' ends. He deserves well of the Republic. More than any one else he helped to upset the Empire. There was no quitting the ranks in breaking bread

with M. Rochefort. M. Rouvier, in the debate in questian, accused the General of being engaged in filegal managures to get himself put forward as a candidate for the Paris deputation. The law is that an elector may vote for whom he cleases, although all for whom it might be agreeable for him to vote would not be sligible. He vote for M. or Mme. Grevy. But the voting ticket bearing the name of either would be thrown away and would not count, unless as a straw showing how the wind ras blowing. M. Rochero, t had been telling Paris to declare at the ballot boxes for General Soulanger against the Orleans-Perrvite coalition, eld up by M. Rouvier to the virtuous indignation of the Chamber as an illegal maneuvre in which the tieneral joined. As I have shown, there was no

M. Ciemenceau was very ill on the day of the de bate in which an attempt was made to draw the ex-War Mirister over the coals, and he let himself in taking part in it be burried into giving too much importance to the virtuous anger of the Prime Minister, the eavy-prompted polemists of the Radical n the Chamber who are neither speakers nor

men of action nor of moral stamina.

A correspondent of "La France"—possibly Deputy Laur—describes in a letter from Clermont-Ferraud how the General was affected by the perusal of the official report of the debate into which his name was

prominently brought, and which led up to the Monarchical Right openly according its support to M. Rouvier.
This correspondent states that one present when the General read the report ascribed M. Ciemenceau's untriendly word to envy, and that this jealousy had its rise on the night of the meeting of the League of Patriots at the Chateau d' Eau for the purpose of for ing M. Flourens to interfere in behalf of M. Koechlin, who though a Frenchman was just sentenced to six months' imprisonment by the High Court of Leipsic for treason against the German Empire. On that night tieneral Boulanger dropped into the office of "La Justice" as was his went to chat with the editors. While talk went on pleasantly a crowd passed before the house on its way to M. Rochetori's. It was crying "Vive Boulanger!" and "Cest Boulanger, qu' il nous faut." M. Clemenceau got nervous and called out, "Do you hear these vaporers!" "Don't mind," said the General; "it's vapor that will abon roll oft." Thereupen M. Clemenceau jumped up and cried to his underlings, "Fut out the lights."

I dare say this is all true. What is more, it is prob was at work. M. Clemenceau was the sponsor in pub-lici lite of the General, and in a degree responsible for point opposite my camp, but just out of gun shot, and there gives himself elementary lessons on

him. It would have been to his detriment if a crowd seeing General Boulanger peeping from behind the curtain forced its way into the room and made him show himself at an open window. M. Clemenceau, as soon as the momentary soreness passed away, vindicated his absent friend, who he said was swayed by a hard sorting and the control of t hard position and party requirements. The General did not know of his illness during the debate. "La France" wants to make out M. Clemenceau a sort of little Brutus. "The old school-fellow and the companion with whom the generous soldier took sweet punsel gave the nukindest kick of all. The last time they met the old amity was unabated and they both agreed on a cipher telegram with which to correspond without fearing the prying eyes of post-office officials." I can understand how on the first blush General Boulenger was so deeply hurt and how his native goodness and sense of farmers brought him to explain sway anything that was hurtful in M. Clemenceau's

But what precedes is nothing to what Deputy Laur narrates in a second letter to " La France." tinctly declares that two attempts were made by the party which now governs M. Rouvier to bring General Boulanger to be the honk of the Republic. One took place just after the Schnaebeles affair. Eighty-four Generals came to the War Office to tell him that it war was certain to break out, and that if he wanted their support to take a strong attitude and to speak up and out. He might trust to them. They were ready to follow him anywhere and he had only to order the army whithersoever he would. The tast of this temptation got out. The Monarchists held a council. Their chief men thought it time to talk plainly to the General and in doing so get at his real aims and objects. For some time the Right had been making approaches toward nim. Their journals which had attacked him feroclously wheeled round and began to stroke him down. M. Kochefort noticed this, and faneying that General Boulanger was secretly with them squirted him with vitriol. eral called on him to explain to him how things were and to put him up to what was brewing. A deputation of Monarchists of divers has one day came to the War Office. After much beating about the bush and throwing out many teelers they came to the point. Never, they said, did a General enjoy so fine a position. Marshal Bugeaud was the idol of the army, but the nation knew nothing of him. General Cavaignac was only liked by a part of the rony and the correct bourgeois Republicans. He was hated by the democracy of the great towns and the peasants did not like him. General Boulanger had every one with him. He had the Generals, the subalterns, the soldier and the democracy, and from "L' Intransi-geant" of M. Rochetort to "Le Figaro" the press had some to joir in singing his praises. Why then with this astounding power remain the servant of a Repubwas shaken violently one day by the wind of Opportunism, another by Radicalism, and which was going on to the deepest dye of Socialism !

on to the deepest dye of Socialism?

The Goueral, who is a very well bred man, listened and when he had heard his visitors out teld them that nothing could be done against the Republican regime. They then changed their batteries and argued that perhaps the nation would not like any return to old forms, and that it wanted to stick to the Republicant Rep but a Republic without Republicans. It was perhaps difficult to toss over the former; but might not the latter be stamped down! The General thought is well to find out all that they were up to and still went on smiling and listening. They told him that his popularity in the nature of things could not be last-ing, and asked him plumply whether it would not be well to make his hay white the sun was shining. This he could best do by working tor an eventual restoration of the Comto de Paris. One day he might lean on the army, another on the democracy, and so or until the time was ripe for him to go to Dover to offer Philippe VII the crown of France. A virtual Dictature that could preserve the existing governmental machine while giving it menarchical twists would be the best road out of the Republic into Monarchy. General Boulauger was such an idol that he might do what he pleased until popular favor ebbed from him. The conspirators then got their answer, and so went off to intrigue with MM. Rouvier and Ferry. What General Boulanger said was this: "I went to the Republic in no half-hearted way. The notion of setting myself up as a Dictator is abourd. What victory lid I ever gain! My only merit and my only object is Germans. To that task I mean to devote myself War cannot be avoided. All I can do to make ready is not enough. You have no idea in what a state of alarm the Government lives. At this Ministry we are night and day as busy as we can be. Why, you will seen know. You want me in this juncture to come soon know. You want me in this juncture to come into your political plans! Do you think me a madman and a traitor! In any case, let there be no misunderstanding. I have long noticed how you vote with me, and do not like, town, to be so much the object of your favor. Mark well these words: It! ever join in a coap d'erat it will be against you when you think yourselves able to overthrow the Republic."

M. Ferry, I am sure, thinks to jockey the d'Orleans. He will try to get the votes of their triends at the next election for the Presidency of the Republic and then do what best suits his own book. M. Rouvier is and she managure to get themselves whitewashed by Royal authority. I should not wonder it the ex-wife of the Abbe Constant were to receive hereafter the Golden Rose of Purity from the Pope.

A VENERABLE AND HIGH-BORN LADY Mrs. Sarah Heuretta Smith, widow of John Witherspoon Smith, who died in New-Orleans last mouth, was born in New-York Novemeer 4, 1786. She was a daughter of Colonel William Duer, of New-York, who served in India under Lord Cive, and subsequently represented New-York State in the Colonial Congress. Her mother was Catharine, or Lady Kitty, daughter of Major-General William Alexander, Earl of Stirling.

early part of the present century Miss Duer In the early part of the present century Miss Duce was mitted in marriage to John Witherspoon Smith, son of Samuel Stanhope Smith, and grandson of John Witherspoon, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. John Witherspoon Smith leaves two children—daughters—Mrs. Judge Lea, seventy-four; Mrs. J. P. Labouisse, sixty-four, and one son-in-law, Charles W. Cammack, seventy-nine, all 4! New-Orleans, La.

GARIBALDI'S HOME AT CAPEERA.

From The Frankfurter Zeiting.

The chief entrance leads directly into the kitchen. A tew bare rooms with whitewashed walis join it, and in some of them beds have been put up for Garibaldi's family. In the garden grow only red flowers; it looks as it a bloody dew had tailen from the sky.

Through the yard the rooms are reacted which Garibaldi inhabited to the last. In the little ante-room portraits of Nullo and the two Cairolis who tell at the Villa Gloria, and a steel engraving of the Prince of Wiles hang on the walls. All have different trames: the rises on some of them is broken. Prince of Wises hang on the walls. All have different frames; the glass on some of them is broken. There is also a miserable little oil painting representing Italia thrusting ber dagger into the heart of the Pope. In the small library the few books of the man who had not read much stand on two old rickety book-cases. Some of the books are turned upside down, and there is no attempt made at arranging them. Most of the books are English; among them Cobden's works, and many English translations of Italian books. A volume of Peton's poems, translated into English, attracts attention by its worn binding, and next to it stands—curious and characteristic of the hero of bloody battles with the child-like heart—" raul et Virginic," Many a volume on agriculture and "La Roumanie Equonomique" show that Garibaldi was also a student of economic questions. On the shelt, covered with dust and cobwebs, in the printed parliamentary papers. From the library you on the shelf, covered with dust and coowed, he have printed parliamentary papers. From the library you enter the sanctum of the house, the room in which, on June 2, 1882, Garibaldi died at the age of seventy-five. Near the window stands the poor camp-hed, as it stood at the moment of his death. From it be could see his beloved see and the coast of Corsica. The see all beloved see and the coast of Corsica. The parish of Livorno has put a simple bronze railing round the bed. Wreaths he on the coverlet. One of them bears the inscription, "The Italian Free Masons to their Grand Master." On a round table in the midst of the room are three books—Dante's "Divine Comedy," an album with the photographs of the "Thousand," and Michaud's "Crusades," with Dore's illustrature. The well- are covered with many illustrations. The walls are covered with many wreaths and pictures, among them the portraits of Garibaldi's mother and his youngest children.

As uneven nath leads through the high broom to the place which Garibaldi himself had selected for the place which Garibaldi himself had selected for the

the place which Garibaldi himself had selected for the cremation of his body. On two great granite blocks he had built the funeral pile which should consume his mortal remains. The view from this place is magnificent over the rough mountains of Sardinia, the inttle cluts and islands which, yellow as gold, rise out of the dark blue sea, and over the Corsican hills. To be burned at this place was his last wish. The sons, who are not like their father, have left this wish unfulfilled. Garibaldi's grave is at the place sons, who are not like their father, have left this wish untuitifiled. . . Garibaldi's grave is at the flace where his two daughters are buried, only nearer to the sea, and in a copse of yew trees. His monument is a large, rough block of granite, with only his name engraved into it. At this grave the pilgrims from all parts of Italy assembled, and the edges of the banners of all those who fight for trath and light touched the "holy crave."

"Men must works nd women weep, so runs the world away."
But they need not weep if they use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cores all the painful maladies peculiar to women. Sold by druggists

"Blood Will Tell."

Perfection is attained in Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

VISITING HIS FLORIDA PLANTATION.

WHITE HOUSE EXPENSES-" LORD " LUDLOW'S RULE

-GENERALS BLACK AND SLOCUM. WASHINGTON, Aug. 6 .- Some of the men in Washington who were tempted to invest in Florida lands, which they had never seen, with the expectation of reaping big profits from orange groves and cotton and sugar plantations, have been sorely disappointed; and it is almost painful to listen to their remarks concerning the flowery State. One of these disgusted investors is responsible for the following story: After the war, a Florida ex-Confederate returned to his plantation in the pinewoods, broken in spirit and with an empty purse. He went bravely to work and for several years toiled with indifferent success to wring a scanty subsistence from his ten thousand acres of sandy hillocks and oozy swamps. At last, thoroughly discouraged, he bethought hinself of a nich friend in New-York, and applied to him for a loan of ten thousand dollars which he readily obtained by giving as security a mortgage on his plantation. "Bad year" succeeded "bad year"; the interest on the loan was not paid, and finally the debtor besought his creditor to take the estate and call quits. That was lone, and the plantation was placed in charge of an overseer, a Floridian, "native and to the manner Still the estate failed to yield a revenue while tax bills and other charges appeared with punctual and annoying regularity. Last winter the New-Yorker decided to visit Florida and see his plantation. One dreary morning, after a sleepless night journey, he alighted from a railway car at a small station is the woods. After many inquiries he found a native who not only knew the way to the property but who was persuaded for a liberal fee to guide the owner to it. To obtain the use of a carriage and horses was out of the question, a fact which was found to be of minor consequence, because there was no road over which a carriage could be driven. When the big landed proprietor mounted a small, half-starved male on whose back a coarse blanket was strapped, and took up the reins of the rope bridle, his heart sank within him. He began to be sorry that he had not given the estate to the overseer or some other enemy, and stayed at 'home. After he had tollowed his conductor in silence for several bours through an uninhabited wilderness where even the trees presented a half-starved appearance, the proprietor pulled up his long-eared steed and asked: "How much farther is it to the place !" The native stopped, dismounted, exchanged his quid for a cob pure, which he lazity filled and lighted, and then replied: "I reckes it's a right smart chance yet, stranger. I'low we must have taken the wrong track back yere, but I'll find the piace. This yere part's not very thickly settled yet." The travellers piodded wearily on until after yet. The travellers plodded wearly on until siter midday, when they reached a small clearing and discovered faint signs of human occupancy, and an occasional trace of cultivation. A few scrawny, undersized cattle and a dozen half-wild swine scampered before them, and at last they found a beaten It led them near a log-house which stood in a field in which some feeble attempts to raise corn and cotton apparently had been made. From one of the stick-and-mud chimneys smoke lazily ascended, and that was the only sign of human occupation until the New-Yorker drearily exclaimed: "Can it be possible that any human being is compelled to stay in a place like that! Who can be more poverty-stricken than the poor wretch who tries to draw his subsistence from such a soil?" He heard a voice, and it was not that of his guide, who had stopped and dismounted and who was leisurely filling his pipe. A short distance away, seated on the remains of an old gate, was another native born citizen of Florida, clad in homespun, with a cob pipe in his mouth and a long shotgun resting across his knees. He was the personification of Florida shittlessness and idleness, when he opened his mouth and drawled in a tone half-resentful and

Washington know how much it costs the taxpayers annually to support "the dignity of the Presidential The salary of the President, as everybody His official and household staff, including private secretaries, clerks, messengers, doorkeepers, steward, firemen, etc., cost for sauries, \$33,864; for the "contingent expenses" of the Exce-Executive Mansion " \$16,000 per year is granted by Congress, to be expended as the President may direct; fuel for the Executive Mansion greenhouses and stable costs \$3,000 per annum; for care and necand state coasts 33,000 per annual appropriation of \$4,000. In addition to that there is an appropriation this year of \$1,500 " for renewing superstructure of one greenhouse," and the work is now in progress. Last year there was an ex-tra appropriation of \$6,000 for the repair of the White House conservatory. Thus it will be seen that White House conservatory. Thus it will be seen that t costs from \$6,500 to \$11,000 per annum to supply the President and his household with flowers and plants. Oi course a great many are sent to the families of members of the Cabinet and other dignitaries with whom the President and Mrs. Cleveland maintain social relations. Occasionally, too, one hears that a bouquet or basket of flowers has been sent from the White House conservatory to a hospital or sickroom. It is impracticable to separate the offi-cial from the semi-public or unofficial expenditures of the Executive Mansion. The total for the current year, including the salaries of the President and his official staff, amounts to \$116,364.

halt-philosophical: " I say, stranger, I'm not so dog-

goned poor and miserable as you think. I don't own this yere land. It belongs to a biank Yankee who has

got plenty of money and can afford to own this yers plantation and pay the taxes; won't you light and

rest a bit! Yo sint got mary pluz o' terbacker about yo, has yo, stranger!" The Yankes had discovered his Florida estate, but he bad not the heart to explore it.

He did " light " and endure the bostitulity of his over

seer and agent for an hour, and then he turned his

pule's head toward the railroad, a sadder and a wiser

northward. His escape from Florida he regards as fortunate; but he has not been lucky enough to sell or give away his plantation, and a new bill for taxes is

have been a fruitful subject of comment and discus-sion in Washington during the past few days. If the people generally were not so indignant they would be able to enjoy the absurd predicament in which Mr. Cleveland has been placed by the acts of the "reform "officers appointed by him to role the National Capital. I use the word "rule" advisedly, for in no untry except Russia probably can be found a city which is governed in a more arbitrary manner or by more whimsical and unreasonable, not to say unlaw ful, regulations toan is Washington to-day. Most people tay the blame on the shoulders of the Engineer Commissioner, Major Ludlow, who is a sort of mili-tary dude, and who has carned the title of "Lord" Ludlow, by his overbearing manners and his ignorance or disregard of the amenities which usually mark the intercourse between the official and the citizen in this One of Lord Ludlow's colleagues is Commissioner Wheatley, a lumber dealer, who is said to anceze whenever Ludlow takes shuft. The other Commissioner is Mr. Webb, an amiable gentleman who was generally held in high esteem until he began to be saddled with a part of the responsibility for some of the worst antics of his associates. Some of the complaints against Ludlow appear to be trivial if not unjust. One says that Lord Ludlow a parts his hair middle and smokes eigarettes." Well, this is a free country and a District Commissioner might do both those things and yet perform his duty satisfacturily. Another story designed to east contumely on his lordship is that the rather stringent regulations in regard to the depositing of building materials in the streets grew out of a night misadvanture which resulted in the soiling of Major Ludios's apparel. As resulted in the sound in the stumbled and fell into a mortar the story runs, he stumbled and fell into a mortar bed apon which the builder had neglected to place bed apon which the bound not be urged against his official character or efficiency. His purchase of a \$500 horse for official use is a more serious ground of complaint. He admits the purchase and declares that it was judicious first, because he has 150 miles that it was judicious first, because he has 150 miles of streets to look after and therefore needs a speedy horse; and, second, because the borse is worth twice what it cost and could be sold at a profit of 100 per cent. Some captious people answer that Mr. Ludion was not appointed to drive good bargains in horse-flesh for the benefit of the District and, moreover, that as a matter of fact he personally knows nothing about the condition or requirements of one-fifth of the streets, although doubtless be could pass a rigid exstreets, although doubtless be could pass a rigid ex-amination in regard to the condition of the main ave-nues and drives, which include the Massachusetts-ave-extension, and the roads which lead to "Grasslands" and "Red Top." There are complaints, too, because his lordship buys driving gloves, fancy lap robes with silk embroidered initials, etc., for out of the public funds. It is maintained by some of the unreasonable citizens who pay taxes to support the District Government that such acts under the very caves of the sanctuary of "reform," so to speak, are enseenly and reprehensible.

I hear that the President's enjoyment of the free-dom of life in " bachelor's hall," as his country place

has been dubbed since the departure of Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Folsom, has been marred somewhat by the disclosures of certain acts of petty extravagance

mendous " pull " on the Administration.

and questionable official integrity by his "Reform" commissioners, as well as by the graver charges respecting the administration of the Water Department. But I do not believe that the commissioners are in any great dauger, even of rebuke. For some reason the Federal office-holders in this District have a tre-

Commissioner Black is to carry his little boomlet to Brooklyn for an airing. It is whispered that he will exercise all his self-denial and refrain from being a candidate for Commander-in-Chief or the Grand Army of the Republic against General Slocum, if the latter and his triends in the Grand Army will exert their influence in behalf of Black's nomination for the Vice-Presidency. It seems to be a pretty scheme. By the way, I observed in General Black's last proclamatics setting forth that this Administration is truly the soldier's friend, a statement designed to impress un-wary readers with the belief that greater vigilance than ever is exercised to prevent pension trauds, and that evil-doers are prosecuted with unrelenting severity. Figures, of course, are brought to prove the assertion. Untertunately, like most of Black's statis tics, the figures do not bear him out. The prosecution and convictions respectively in the last year, were 153 and 47, while in the preceding year 2/8 persons were prosecuted and 127 were convicted.

CHAT ON PUBLIC QUESTIONS

OPINIONS GATHERED HERE AND THERE IN

THE CITY. A man whose name has been frequently in print lately in connection with the ol; Pawner and Leavenworth Railroad affair, through the Pacific Railroad Committee's investigations, is John D. Perry, of St. Louis. Mr. Perry has been in New-York for two or three weeks on business. He is one of the weathlest of St. Louis cidzens, a man of perhaps sixty years of age, short in stature, slender in form, with a long. firm face, clean shaven upper lip and white beard In talking about the railroad affair, he said: connection with the roal was after Fremont, Hai-lett, Stone and Ewing got through. It was then known as the Kansas Pacific. The first decision 1 arrived at when I went into the matter was that there should be no gifts to any one and no land We carried out some contracts that Fro contracts. ont had made, if I remember, but we made no

Speaking about the land boom in the West Mr. Perry said: "In Kansas land is selling in towns like Wichita and Fort Scott for three prices as compared with similar property in older places. It remains to be seen whether these prices can be maintained by be seen whether these prices can be maintained by the growth of population and business. A couple of years will tell the story. Property in St. Louis has increased largely in value for some years. But its selling prices are cheap to-day as compared with other cities in the West, and when investigated from the point of view of interest-paying investor

Mr. Perry is the father-in-law of Mayor David R. Prancis, of St. Louis, who has made some mark as a growing young politician of the West, and who has been especially prominent in the Cleveland visit affair. Mr. Perry, however, has no high opinion of politics and expresses bimself decidedly on that topic. he: "My acquaintance with public men has been wide. It has extended over more than a quarter of century. I have never had anything to do with politics directly, but have seen a great deal of the inside of politics. I have never known a man to some out of a political life benefited by it. They have all had less substance financially and less more standing and character."

One of the best informed Democrats in New-York tunity in this State just now which they can improve to victory. Their success will depend on what they do in New-York city. I believe that Governor lill's friends would like to see the Democrats lose the county ticket here this fall, which would carry the state ticket with it. You cannot understand such politics? Well, there is only one possible way for Hill to mount the Presidential ladder, which is to remove Cleveland. An open fight on Cleveland would defeat the President, but so would it defeat the Gov ernor, for a divided State delegation at Chicago would result in both being cast askie. But with States like Kentucky getting shaky, the loss of New-York County to the Democracy would be full advertisement to the State. It is conceded that New-York will settle the next Presidential election. It is conceded that this county will settle the contest in the State. With defeat here ascribed to the Administration, Illi's friends think the party would turn to the Governor for salvation. They also think that Cleveland would be forced to rettre. There is the situation as I see it.

Ex-Congressman J. Floyd King, of Louisiana, was lasted and Bohemianism. There was never a more result in both being cast aside. But with States like Kentucky getting shaky, the loss of New-York County

Ex-Congressman J. Floyd King, of Louislana, was asked about the progress he was making in his business schemes, when he replied laughingly: "Now I like that word scheme myself, but I have learned printence in its use. Enterprise sounds better in the prinched in its disc. Enterprise sounds better in the public ear. I used the word scheme in tailing with allow flowitt oace, when he tota me that I would had enterprise a much better word for the faithful of New-York. Well, to answer your question, I am making progress. What about the tariff i vey, the tariff question is in simple shape. There must be identifiation to stop the increasing revenue surplus. There are two tariff systems in operation—internal restration to stop the inc. easing sevenue supplies. There are two tariff systems in operation—internal revenue and custom duties. One or the other must be abolished. I favor the abolition of the internal revenue tax. The sentiment in the South in some sections is very strong that way."

Ex-Governor Brown, of Tennessee, who is received of the Texas Pacific Railroad, speaking about some phases of South politics, remarked recently: "There is after all only one way by which ballot box stuffing be entirely stopped. It can be done by viva voce voting, when the man comes to vote and must stand up before the judges to proclaim his name, his place of restdence, age, etc., and then announce his choice of candidates in equally open manner, the chance of fraudwill be diminished to the lowest degree. There would still be some dangers from repeating, but those will adways exist."

One of the veteran railroad men of New-York to Edward Vernon, who is connected with the New-York and New-England Railroad. In talking the other day about the pyrils of railroading, he said incidentally: "it would seem as though the terrible annual slaughter of lives that comes from insufficient system to car square shoulders, indicative of physical power, leonine head, the scotch type of face, bristing full gray beard and a head of shock hair of the same color, the parting of which is exactly in the centre.

The principal proprietor of the locomotive works appearance, with stubbly beard and heavy eyebrows. who has the appearance of being flerce, but is it reality one of the most genial of men. As an indi-cation of the business of the country he told me that cation of the business of the country he told me that his works were now run to their full capacity day and might. They turn out now thirteen halshed loconotives per month. Within a few years locomotives have been made upon definite plans with interchangeable parts, so that any piece of the machine can be exchanged with the same piece on any other iccomotive of the same type. This is considered a great advantage. "The interchanging of machinery parts was started in connection with the manufacture of firearms," said Mr. Nock, "by a man named Root, who was employed in Coit's pistol factory. He was a day hand at \$1.50. Coit made him superintendent of his works at a salary of \$10,000 a year, I believe it was the largest salary paid to any factory man in Connecticut."

General Patrick Walsh, of Arkansas, who is a guest at the Hoffman House, is a magnificent specimen of physical manhood. He is about six fect in height, with finely proportioned body and a massive head. He has deep brown hair and a drooping mustache. The wide-brimmed soft hat which he wears habitually gives him a Western and at the same time a distingives him a Western and at the same time a distinguished air. The General got stirred up on the Rebel
mag question, when he said: "It will be time enough
to send back the rebel flags when those fellows down
there make up their minds to do the square thing and
the right thing. I have lived in the South for twentyone years, and I know what I am saying when I deciare that there is just as terrible a condition of
slavery in the South to-day as there was before the
war, when men were held as slaves. There is no such
thing as freedom in any Southern State. The black
men of the South have no votes, except as they are
granted by their former masters and counted by their
former masters. When that thing stops it will be
time enough to discuss the giving back of the rebel
flags."

ONE OF THE RIGHT SORT.—Lady: "And so you left your last situation through having words with your mistress." Swell Cook: "Well, 'M, not words—not adrased; what you might call words, 'M. I on'y spoke to 'or as one lady might to another."—[Fun.

THE CITY OF INTRIGUE.

MME. ROUVIER BOYCOTTED-M. ROCHE-FORT'S ODD GENIUS. FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF TH

PARIS. July 23.

Everything is now quiet, not to say duit. But ne feels that the veriest trifle may bring down a storm. Paris is sallen and ennugle. I won't say vanity but just pride is hurt at the first official iady in the land, after Mesclames Grevy and Floquet, being a woman who once stood her trial in a felon's dock, had a "success of beauty" on the jury, and for the thirty-five years that ensued lived a sort of amphibious life between art and gallantry, and wound up by marrying her present husband, who is young enough to be her son. There were extenuating circumstances in her favor, but there were none in his, and M. Rochefor, is perfectly justified in treating him as an " Alphonse." The ladies of the Corps Diplomatique, knowing all this, avoided on the day of the review the State Tribune as though smallpex were known to have broken out in it. As it happened, the objectionable ex-beauty did not'show her face, and Mesdames Grevy, Witson and Floquet who were there had no reason! for feeling humiliated. The Presidential party in the State Tribune looked not exhetly care crazed, but too much absorbed in anxieties of their own to have full consciousness of what was going on around them and before their eyes.

I have agreeable memories of the M. Grevy of former and happier times. But there seems little in common between him and the person from whom all life save mere vegetative existence has fled, who was the chief man at the review on Thursday and was as closely guarded as the Czar of All the Russtas on his coronation day. The eye was sunken and unobservant, and the palter and rigid facier showed that he should not be too soverely blamed for creating the present Ministry of bankrupts rather outside than inside Parliamentary rules and certainly in the hope of destroying the most honest section of the Republican party—the one to which M. Clemenceau and General Boulanger belong. The life was frightened out of the poor old man with bogies raised on purpose by the Ferryites and by the danger of an increased tax on owners of house property—of which M. Grevy is a very considerable one, he having some of the finest houses in the Boulevard de Courcelles, opposite the beautiful Monceau Park, others at the Trocadero, others in the Boulevard Malesberbes, and others in the Rue Vizeley close to it. They are all situated in the most desirable parts of the best localities, and were built for the purpose of being let to wealthy tenants. The German scare was not so much got up by Prince Bismarck as by the Ferryites, M. de Lesseps and M. Kerbette, who saw that they could more advantageously work Germany at Constantinople against British power in Egypt than Russia, if of course they were subservieut to Prince Bismarck. They seized on the ponularity of General Boulanger to alarm the Government of the German Empire, and got things into such a groove at Berlin that poor old M. Grevy was really persuaded there would be a war between France and Germany in

a week if General Boulanger, after the Goblet Ministry went out, came in again. With this, M. Roavier, having pulled the conventions with the great railway companies through the Chambers, by dint of corruption, was the man of the Rothschilds and they meant to corner the Government so long as some creature of theirs was not Financial Minister. It did not matter to them whether it was M. Leon Say or M. Rouvier. On the whole, perhaps the latter would be preferable, because he was not openly and closely associated with them. Now M. Wilson was deep in a game of options and he wanted the Bourse to be precty lively. There was last and not least the Mme. Jane Hading influence. She is a Marseillaise and M. Rouvier is a Marseiliais. She leads M. Wilson by the nose and he conducts M. Grevy whitherso-ever he wants him to go. All Paris is aware of these wheels within wheels, this complication of in-trigues and this Executive and Parliamentary pes-

tastes and Bohemianism. There was never a more tender or a more devoted parent than he is to his three children, who were all by different mothers and none of them born in wedlock. When he was tastes and Bohemanism. There was never a more tender or a more devoted parent than he is to his three children, who were all by different mothers and none of them born in wedlock. When he was in the most grinding poverty it never occurred to him to cast them off, although he could have done so with magnity. He is a pure-blooded Parisian, about the worst feature in his character is tecklessness in attack. But Voltafre had the same defect. But M. Rochefort is generally right in his attacks. He has a genums for seeing a raw and hitting it. He is one of the most independent men that ever lived and is under no temptation to contrary one but Denos, who cannot do without the daily article in Tishransignal signed "Henri Rochefort." It is a pick-me-up dram. Demos is not by any means its only render, although he alone finises those who are attacked thinks it no mere langhing matter. M. Rochefort's onslaughts on M. Gambetta and the various leading Gambettis; on M. Ferry and his partisans; on M. Wison, and now and then on M. Grevy; and now on M. Rouvier sind his Cabinet, are jam to the Orleanists and the Bonapartists. The nembers of the Corps Diplomatique roar, laughing over them, and Le Valdare truly said to-day that there is not a lampeou by M. Rochefort on any French statesman that Prince Bismarck does not chackle over. It must be said that M. Kochefort never flays without good cause. He has never, so far as I know, attacked a truly great or good man, and he is very faultful in friendship. He has no principle of any sort, but dislikes what is grovelling, inflated, pretentious or vice-uniess in the shape of a demi-mondaine. M. Rochefort has any amount of the heat which makes leading articles pleasant reading, and that capacity, so needful in journalism, of hitting the iron when it is red hot, this quick, fueld ken enables him to do this, and his droll phraseology gives a new gloss when he treats them to state subjects. M. Rochefort dotes on General Boulauger, whose offhanded amiability had made a conquest of him, he hate

FROCKS, ET PRAETERRA NITIL From The San Francisco Chronicle.

"I want you to paint my picture," said a wealthy lady to an artist in Paris.

"I shall be delighted."

"I don't care about the price."

"Thank you."

"When to you want to begin!"

"I will be ready a week from to-day."

"Very well. Good moraing."

A week afterward the artist awaited his patient. At the hour appointed, a maid appeared with a huge box.

"What is this!"

"Madame's costume."

" Madame's costume."

"the struck him as carlous, for the maid departed without another word. He shrugged his shoulders and waited. Those American people were so queer. But he supposed the lady would appear and put on the dress there. She did not come. Two or three days passed and no message. Suddenly the lady bounced into the studio.

"Well, how is the picture progressing?"

"Madame! you have given me no sittings. I have not been able to begin."

"Begin! Why, didn't you get the dress I sent you?"

"Yes, I have a box of madame's here.

"Weil—"

" Weil—"
" But I can't make a picture—"
" Dear me! I thought you could fill in the head any
time. That drass cost \$5,000 and I want it paints.
The likeness doesn't matter."